

Memories of France



"To our table in the American Legion
We dedicate this refrain,—
If it makes but one of you happy
—It was not written in vain."

Al. Dubin, 1906. 7 1/2 x 10. 100 copies.

Words by
Al Dubin

Music by
J Russel Robinson

With
UKULELE ARRANGEMENT

WATSON
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Memories Of France

A "RAY CANFIELD" Melody Arrangement, for Ukulele

Lyric by
AL DUBIN

Tune-a-Uke
G C E A

Music by
J. RUSSEL ROBINSON

Some-one whis - pers to me, "I love you, mon che - ri?" In my mem - o -

ries of France And we stroll once a - gain by the old riv - er Seine, In my

mem - o - ries of France And I see her still plac - ing ro - ses —

Where man - y an old pal re - pos - es, And we laugh, and we

cry, Then a kiss, then "good - bye?" In my mem - o - ries of France.

INSTRUCTIONS

Be Sure Your Instrument Is Properly Tuned (Tuning is at the Top of Page).

To get the best results use a felt pick. The fingers may be used but the quality of tone produced is less effective. Place fingers in accord with diagramed dots and accompanying numbers.

A number of dots barred together are all to be held down with the one finger, whose number is given in the diagram. The marginal numbers shows at a glance which fret is being used.

(X) When a string is marked "X" gauge your stroke to a degree sufficient to avoid striking this string.

(◊) The Diamond indicates that this string is open and is to be picked but once.

(O) The Circle indicates that this string is to be held down on the fret it is found and picked but once.

—RAY CANFIELD.

Memories Of France

SOUVENIRS DE FRANCE

3

Lyric by
AL DUBIN

Paroles Françaises

de R. BEAUDRY Valse moderato

Music by
J. RUSSEL ROBINSON

C Eb F
Low Medium High
Tune-a-Uke
Bb Eb G C

Piano

Voice

Like a lot of lit-tle bub-bles,
On the road from Cha-teau Thier-ry,
J'ai bien dou-ce sou-ve - nan - ce

I can blow a-way my trou-bles,
Once a-gain so tired and wea-ry,
De ce beau pa-ys de Fran-ce

Dream-ing of I wan-der
Où j'ai con-

my ro - mance, —
on my way —
nu l'a - mour, —

With a pret-ty lit-tle daugh-ter
Then I reach a Lat-in quar-ter
Car c'est là, près de l'Ar - gon - ne

Of a land a-cross the wa-ter,
And a Cha-teau by the wa-ter,
Qu'u-ne Fran-cai-se mi - gnon-ne

I dream that I'm back in France.
It seems just like yes-ter - day.
At-tend en - core mon re - tour.

Refrain

Some-one whis - pers to me, "I love you, mon ché - ri," In my mem - o -
Et j'en - tends u - ne voix Qui me dit: 'Re - viens-moi, En ce beau - pa -

ries — of France — And we stroll once a - gain By the
ys — de France, — Où je t'at - tends tou - jours A - vec

old riv - er Seine, In my mem - o - ries — of France —
le même a - mour En ce beau - pa - ys — de France?" —

— And I see her still plac - ing ros - es, — Where ma - ny an
— Le sou - ve - nir de ses ca - res - ses — Rem - plit en - core

p-f

Gdim Bb7 Bb7 Gdim

Bb7 Gdim Fmi Bbaug Eb

Eb7 Ab Gbmi F7

old pal re - pos-es, — And we laugh, and we cry, — Then a kiss, then good-
mon coeur d'i - vres-se. — Non, je ne l'ou-blie pas, Tout mon bon - heur est

bye,' In my mem - o - ries of France. Some-one
là — En ce beau — pa - ys — de France. Et j'en

bye,' In my mem - o - ries of France.
là — En ce beau — pa - ys — de France.

Optional high ending

bye,' In my mem - o - ries of France.
là — En ce beau — pa - ys — de France.

1853-3 See last page for Recitation

RECITATION

MEMORIES OF FRANCE

(To Chorus Melody)

By AL. DUBIN



The war has long been forgotten,
And it's best that we should forget,—
It's an old story now, but still, somehow,
There are dreams that linger yet.

It's not the dream of the battle
And it's not the shot and the shell,—
It's the mem'ry of a doughboy in love
And a sweet little Mademoiselle.

You can blot out the mem'ry of bullets
When the years roll by like this,
But you can't erase a beautiful face
And the mem'ry of a kiss.

You can even forgive the enemy,
Forgive them as time goes by,
But as long as you live you'll never forgive
Yourself,—For saying goodbye.

Maybe she wasn't your sweetheart,
You considered her only a toy,
But when God made her kind, He had in mind
A homesick soldier boy.

Sing Last Ending

She would laugh, she would cry,
Then a kiss, then "goodbye."
In my memories of France.

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